HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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IRELAND.

From Saunders's (Dublin) News-Letter.

Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society.

Lectures at the Scots' Church, and the Friends' Meeting House.

A series of lectures have been delivered in the above places during the past fortnight, by Mr. Charles Lenox Remond, a gentleman of color from Rhode Island, United States. The interest, which was considerable from the commencement, gradually increased. On Monday evening the crowd was so great that numbers had to leave unable to obtain admission. Mr. Remond is, though young in years, old in the Anti-Slavery cause. He has for a considerable time occupied a prominent position in the abolition ranks in America, and came over with highly respectable credentials. He was a delegate to the great Anti-Slavery Convention held in London last year; has since been employed in visiting parts of England, and intends, when his labors in this country are concluded, to visit Jamaica, there to see with his own eyes the successful results of emancipation; and then return, with his accumulated experience afresh to labor in the American Anti-Slavery field.

The first lecture was delivered on Monday evening sen'night, at the Friends' Meeting House, and was of a general character, calculated to give his audience a view of the workings of American slavery. He showed its demoralizing effects on the free as well as on the slave states, from their close connexion, and related some startling instances of cruelty; amongst them the fact that, a descendant of Jefferson had chopped a slave to pieces alive, beginning at the feet, in the presence of the rest of his slaves.—These instances were brought forward for the purpose of showing the demoniac nature of the system, and that no cruelties were too great to be inflicted under it.

The second evening was devoted to the religious view of the subject. He showed how deeply all classes of Christians, the Quakers and Free-will Baptists alone excepted, were involved in the sin of slavery. That whole religious bodies declared at their conventions that slavery was a patriarchal institution, and that the Saviour himself sanctioned it; thus prostituting the name of God himself as the sanctioner of a system which of itself involved the violation of every one of the commandments.—He called on British and Irish Christians to bear their testimony against these things, and to remonstrate unceasingly, with their brethren in America, until the "foul thing" was entirely expelled from within their borders.

In the third lecture, which was delivered at the Scots' Church, Mr. R. gave a lucid view of the general workings of the slave system in America. He asserted the absolute sinfulness of slavery—showed that when one man made property of another, he was usurping a power which the Creator never sanctioned. He avowed it was not pity he sought for the colored man, but justice—that it was anti-Christian to despise any human being because his Creator had dyed his skin of a darker hue. He spoke of the miserable prostitution of principle made by many of the leading American statesmen at the shrine of southern slavery.

The fourth lecture was devoted to an exposition of the workings of prejudice against color, and of the American Colonization Society. He showed that the former extended into every part of America, and that the most staunch abolitionists only were clear of its influence—that this prejudice keeps the colored man ignorant, and then reviles him for his ignorance—that it shuts him out from almost every honorable employment—makes him irreligious, and then taunts him with being so—robs him of his rights as a citizen, and is the very antipodes of the corner stone of the American constitution which declares "that all men are born free and equal." His exposition of the workings of the American Colonization Society were exceedingly lucid. He showed that it had its origin deep in the pro-slavery spirit—that slaveholders were its chief patrons—that its object, under the mark of philanthropy, was to drive the free colored man, who was as much a native of America as the white, out of the country into the wilds of Africa, from whence, perhaps, his great grandfather had been torn a slave, and thus perpetuates the reign of slavery in America.

The fifth and sixth lecture, delivered alternately in the places before named, bore much on showing the responsibility of Christians of these countries with reference to the abolition of American slavery, that Ireland possessed great power, through the thousands of her inhabitants who annually became American citizens, and that it was of vital importance the Irish nation should be thoroughly abolitionised. He called on the religious bodies to address lettters of remonstrance to their brethren in America—stated that the sacred cause of religion was trampled into the dust there by the deadly efforts of the slave system, and that it was in vain for those who felt the obligations of Christianity to say they had nothing to do in the matter. He said that in the parable the Priest and Levite were not blamed for active cruelty, but for passing the wounded man by—that was their condemnation, and would it not be the condemnation of Christians in these days if they refused to aid in the abolition of so wicked a system as that of American slavery? Mr. Remond's addresses have been listened to with an attention we have rarely seen exceeded, and we trust the impression made will be as lasting as it has been deep.

At the conclusion of the lecture last evening, a public meeting was held at the Royal Exchange, where Mr. Remond was called to the chair amidst enthusiastic applause. After a few introductory remarks from the chairman, the business of the meeting was entered on.

James Haughton, Esq., read numerous extracts showing the effects of the slave system.

Counsellor Moore followed, and in an eloquent speech showed the inevitable effects of slavery wherever it existed—that it transformed the Americans into a nation of tyrants, and made them trample their constitution under foot.

Mr. Richard Allen said that all his experience in the anti-slavery cause but increasingly convinced him that it was the duty of men and Christians to labor against it till the time arrived when the sun should not rise upon a tyrant or set upon a slave (loud cheers). The system was so bad, so directly opposed to Christianity, that they could not live or flourish together, and it was in vain to deny our responsibility in this matter. He said that he had but a day or two before been conversing with a gentleman who had seen in Richmond, (Virginia) slaves put up for sale as we see cattle in Smithfield; men and women warranted sound, on the auction table, and praised for their physical capabilities as we praise cattle; that he had heard the wailing of the wife imploring to be sold with her husband; and had seen a slave with a rope round his neck tied to the pummel of his master's saddle, and thus made to strain every nerve in keeping up with him. The more slavery was looked into the more dreadful it would appear, the more necessary for all to keep working for its abolition. He asked not for pity for the colored man; he asked for justice for him; he demanded his equality with the white man to be recognized all the world over (cheers.) The next speaker would read to them an address proposed to be adopted by that meeting as the address of the Irish nation to our countrymen in America; and which he trusted with the assistance of those present and others, would soon have one hundred thousand, he trusted a million, of names attached to it (cheers).

Mr. R. D. Webb, after some general remarks, read the address, which was loudly cheered, and its adoption having been seconded by James Haughton, Esq., it was carried unanimously amid loud applause.

Address from the People of Ireland to their Countymen and Countrywomen in America.

DEAR FRIENDS—You are at a great distance from your native land! A wide expanse of water separates you from the beloved country of your birth—from us and from the kindred whom you love, and who love you, and pray for your happiness and prosperity in the land of your adoption.

"We regard America with feelings of admiration; we do not look upon her as a strange land, nor upon her people as aliens from our affections. The power of steam has brought us nearer together; it will increase the intercourse between us, so that the character of the Irish people and of the American people must in future be acted upon by the feelings and dispositions of each.

"The object of this address is to call your attention to the subject of slavery in America, that foul blot upon the noble institutions and the fair fame of your adopted country. But for this stain, America would indeed be a land worthy your adoption; but she will never be the glorious country that her free constitution designed her to be, so long as her soil is polluted by the footprint of a single slave.

"Slavery is the most tremendous invasion of the natural inalienable rights of man, and of some of the noblest gifts of God, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' What a spectacle does America present to the people of the earth? A land of professing Christian republicans, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of three millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs and the utmost degradation for no crime of their ancestors or their own? Slavery is a sin against God and man. All who are not for it must be against it. None can be neutral. We entreat you to take the part of justice, religion and liberty.

"It is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this withering curse. America is cursed by slavery! We call upon you to unite with the abolitionists, and never to cease your efforts until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. We are all children of the same gracious God, all equally entitled to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

"We are told that you possess great power, both moral and political, in America.—We entreat you to exercise that power and that influence for the sake of humanity.

"You will not witness the horrors of slavery in all the States of America. Thirteen of them are free and thirteen are slave States. But in all, the pro-slavery feeling, though rapidly decreasing, is still strong.—Do not unite with it; on the contrary, oppose it by all the peaceful means in your power. Join with the abolitionists every where. They are the only consistent advocates of liberty. Tell every man that you do not understand liberty for the white man and slavery for the black man—that you are for liberty for all, of every color, creed, and country.

"The American citizen proudly points to the national declaration of independence, which declares that 'All men are born free and equal, and alike entitled to life liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Aid him to carry out this noble declaration, by obtaining freedom for the slave.

"Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—cling by the abolitionists, and in America you will do honor to the name of Ireland."

The Chairman, Mr. Remond, then addressed the meeting. He recapitulated many of the leading arguments he had previously urged—called on his audience to know no difference between white and black—to recognize every man as a man—to work perseveringly and energetically for the abolition of slavery all the world over. He paid a noble tribute of respect to the character of William Lloyd Garrison, Esq., the founder of the abolition cause in America, and called on all to adopt his motto, which was—"My country is the world—my countrymen are all mankind."

The meeting did not separate till near eleven o'clock.

Mr. Remond left yesterday morning for Wexford, on an anti-slavery tour through Ireland.

SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Public Advertiser of the 3d instant, says; "We do believe that were a Convention now called in Kentucky, clothed with plenary power to remodel the Constitution, the free labor advocates would bear the sway, and that provision would be made for the abolition of slavery."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Somersworth, August 31, 1841.

BROTHER ROGERS,—The following Report essentially of the Secretary and Treasurer was read at the Annual Meeting of the Ladies A. S. Society of Great Falls and accepted. It was also Voted, that it be sent to the editor of the Herald of Freedom for publication.

Yours for humanity,
MARY MOSES.

Report

Of the Great Falls Ladies' A. S. Society.

One year has elapsed since we ventured to put forth our efforts in an associated capacity. May the dawning of a new anti-slavery year be to us the signal for a renewed consecration that we may with redoubled vigor pursue our way. To many of us the path in which we entered was an untrodden one; true, we had as individuals done something for God's perishing poor; but as we had no precedent we had of necessity to mark our own course, trusting in our Heavenly Father to guide and direct as should best subserve his glory and the cause and interests of the poor slave; "and we desire to acknowledge the hand of his goodness and mercy in enabling so many of us amid the persecution that has tried our ranks and the treachery that has thinned them" to stand firm; and though the cry of infidelity is echoed from the highest to the lowest, through every grade of society, yet a few remain firm and inflexible as their own native granite hills, free to think, speak and act, as the air is free to float around them. We cannot be frightened at the cry of infidelity; we know its origin; what else can we expect? Was not our Saviour called a blasphemer? and why should we expect to escape the tongue of slander? We cannot, if we walk in his footsteps, for a wicked world and corrupt church and ministry are now just what they were then; they don't love "hard sayings," therefore they go away from the interests of the perishing slave to those of sect or party; firm, uncompromising, inflexible truth they cannot bear; like them of old they cry "Prophecy unto us deceits, prophecy unto us lies, cry unto us peace, peace, while purity standeth afar off." We have said we are not frightened at the cry of infidelity. We expect to be made of no reputation in the world. Our witness is in heaven, our record is on high; we expect to make sacrifices and encounter trials, but we have laid all upon the altar of the slave and we must go forward, for He who is with us is more than they who are against us. Shall we then yield to fear and let discouragements paralyze our efforts? No—faithful till death, shall be our watchword, relying on the divine assurance, "my grace is sufficient for thee." Until the month of February our meetings were happy; they seem indeed like bright spots amid the scenes of the past year. Our first meeting after the Convention and Fair in December was Tuesday evening, 5th February. The object of the meeting was to make arrangements for re-commencing our work; about twelve attended; all harmonized in their views, and the meeting was adjourned to the next Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to make further arrangements. We had supposed that those who differed from us would quietly leave the Society, (indeed it was so stated by one of their number) but in this we were mistaken. We did not fully understand the subtlety of new organization, at least as we now do; on that memorable afternoon, we, a little band, four in number, had to pass the fiery ordeal of new organization, "but we kept silence; we even kept our mouths as it were with a bridle" while "these were before us, lest we should speak unadvisedly with our lips," only answering with all due deference their many questions.

At an early hour the president and vice president, with quite a number who had not often met with us, and some of them never, came in, and contrary to their usual custom seated themselves in their cloaks and bonnets, plainly saying by their distance and haughtiness that they had not come to work, at least for the poor slave—they had come to do the work that sectarianism bid them do. The President, immediately on the opening of the meeting, called on the Secretary for a report, saying she should like to know, and she presumed the Society would, what they had done. The Secretary replied, that she was not prepared to give a report—did not anticipate any such requirement as it was but six months since the Society was formed—did not know that it was customary to present a report except at the annual meeting—and further, that it was well known to those who were in the habit of meeting, what amount of work had been done and what had been done with the proceeds—but to those present who had never met with us except in one or two instances, (and who composed the larger part of the meeting) we were willing to give a history of our doings. The President was then referred to a full meeting held in October, when the letter of our lamented sister Mary Clark addressed to this Society, was read—which proposed that the proceeds of our work should go to sustain the Herald of Freedom. This was distinctly understood; no one made objections to the proposal. The President made commendatory remarks on the letter generally, but put no questions to the Society. At a subsequent and larger meeting, by request, the letter was again read, and each one gave their vote in the affirmative. This was about six weeks before the Fair. After many unkind insinuations and remarks, which were not replied to by those whom they were designed to injure, the President called for the reading of the Constitution and made a motion to alter the fifth article by striking out the words "State Society," and adding "the new organization or independent Society," the vote passed by a large majority. But as it was not a regular meeting for business, and was not so understood by the Society no such notice having been given, the Society at a subsequent meeting voted to reconsider the vote. The next step was, the President appointed a meeting of the Society, inviting all who wished to become members. A message was sent to the Secretary demanding the constitution, but the Secretary chose to be the carrier. At an early hour the house was filled with those who had been gathered in by sectarian influence. The President being absent, the Vice President proposed that Elder J. W. Mowry, who was then present, should preside; after *he* had repeated the proposal *he put it* to vote—*counted* and *declared* the votes, and thus *he* was initiated into office, which he sustained with corresponding *dignity* and grace; it was a novel sight truly. The gentleman called for the constitution, saying there were some present who had not heard it read. The Secretary replied that she would read it—he condescendingly suffered the Secretary to read, but in somewhat of a vexed tone commanded her to read *louder*. With all due deference to his age and dignity she raised her voice; after this he examined it very carefully, and not finding a record of the vote passed at our second meeting he catechised her very severely for not "chalking down" matters more accurately. The next step of the presiding officer was, with all the courtesy consistent with the honorable office he sustained and of a reverend clergyman, to ask the Secretary, in plain broad English, to resign her office and surrender the constitution. She said she was not prepared to do that—the year for which she was chosen was not out by five months—she had not forfeited the confidence of the Society, nor they hers—they had never expressed such a wish, and she could not do it at the instance of a person who was not a member of the Society. She felt it her duty to hold the constitution in their behalf. The gentleman did not tell the meeting that he had that morning selected a person to take the office, not doubting we presume that perfect acquiescence would be rendered in this instance to the powers that be—but for once the spirit of domination failed of its ultimate object. After this new organization breeze which scattered our numbers like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, we numbered about twenty five, all true volunteers. We sent out no recruiting officers to fill up our ranks; we wanted none but the noble and the true hearted, none but those who can hear the frantic shriek of the slave mother and the moan of the hapless infant above the din and clamor of sectarian zeal, and those who are not afraid to hearken unto God more than unto man. And such we have.

In December, the Society held a Fair, at which time they were nobly aided by their friends from abroad. A box of beautiful articles were sent from the Portsmouth Society, from Concord, Dover and Portland we also received additional supplies, which cheered and encouraged our hearts amid the trials and conflicts which surrounded us.—The net proceeds of the December Fair was published in the Herald.

In July our Society got up with some assistance from Concord, Portsmouth and Dover, another small Fair, the net proceeds of which was about $50, which amount was remitted to brother Rogers. We did not anticipate a large sum at this time, and succeeded quite equal to our expectations

The whole amount paid into the treasury is one hundred and eleven dollars and fourteen cents. Amount paid out, one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents, leaving a balance on hand of one dollar and sixty-six cents, and now we can say that we owe no man any thing but to love one another.

MARY MOSES,
Sec. Ladies G. Falls A. S. Soc.

Campton, August 15, 1841.

Dear Rogers,—I had rather be writing almost any thing than what relates directly to myself; and I would not but for the hope that in so doing I may subserve the interests of the perishing bondman. Among the numerous records of church action upon the despised Nazarene, in the person of his poor disciples, which have lately appeared in the Herald, perhaps a record of what has passed here may not be wholly uninteresting. Perhaps it would be as well for me to begin with the memorable council recently held here, leaving it for circumstances to elicit what preceded. Should it seem to be proper hereafter to make a full expose of the doings of the faction in this church, and their advisers, I shall not hesitate to go through with it. (1)

On Wednesday, July 7th, agreeably to letters from this branch of the church militant, or more properly from the militant branch or faction of this corporation called church, a council assembled here, of about one dozen reverend clergymen with their delegated laymen or representatives of the churches. They could have had no time between the reception of "letters missive" and the time of assembling, for mutual consultation or correspondence. Yet it is strenuously urged by one of their standard authors, that in case of an exparte council, the persons invited should seek such information as will enable them to judge accurately as to the propriety of their interference. They sent a committee, formally to request me to unite in a mutual council, after I had repeatedly refused, to the committee of the faction. I went to their meeting, and was there urged and entreated, hypocritically by some and sincerely by others, to a *mutual* investigation. I told them I had nothing to refer to them, and that they would never have been called here to settle difficulties between this faction and myself, if they had been faithful to the *perishing slave*. (2) Without note or comment on this remark, they proceeded to the stupendous labor for which the faction had called them. The scribe was called upon to read the records of the church, which contained a brief account of the proceedings of the faction thus far. During the day there was occasionally a query propounded to me, as I had yielded so far to their solicitations as to stand as sort of *amp lighter* to the august body. But observe, these queries were generally brief and unimportant. Manifestly they did not care to hear more than one side. After spending some day and a half in this way, and in occasional secret conclave, giving the faction full opportunity to say all they could think of, and after allowing *three* distinct charges not alluded to in the letter missive, (3) to be thrown in by them, they retired to their practorium, and after spending most of the night and half the next day, they sent forth the awe-inspiring intelligence that they should be delivered of the result the next week, Wednesday. Thus after a day and a half precious time spent by a large assembly of people in the busy season of the year for the toil-worn farmers of this town, and a day and night in secret session, balancing probabilities, calculating consequences and devising expedients, they could not give us their result. No, they must suffer that ponder to sectarian popularity, Andrew Rankin, to go back to Concord, and consult the standing-always-on-hand council there; or briefly the sanhedrim of New-Hampshire. (4) This arrangement would also give time for the faction to prepare the public mind for the bringing forth of their secret, nightly deliberation. Accordingly some of them appeared and read a result in substance as follows.—They reflected severely on the course pursued by those who headed the faction, and on the endeavors they said I had used to prevent an investigation, &c. I had repeatedly stated that the steps which I took were simply to prevent the unscriptural and wicked course adopted by the faction.

In relation to the 1st charge they said there was not sufficient evidence to substantiate it, though strong probable evidence existed that I was in fault.

2. They found me guilty of a breach of christian propriety, i. e. orthodox propriety.

4. They resolved this into an unintentional error.

On the three counts, filed in addition to the charges in the letter, the saw fit to "rebuke me" sharply "before all," and urge me to repentance. I supposed that was the last of it, at least according to the passage of scripture on which such rebukes are founded. Instead of that, the faction have commenced a new prosecution on them, and called another council, who will probably cut their work short in desperate chagrin at my pertinacity and contempt of their pretended charitable result. I will here add a few remarks referring to passages in the foregoing by figures.

(1) I forbear to enter on the course of the faction, and shall not, unless imperiously demanded, from the regard I have for many of those who have been drawn into it by that hypocrite and wolf in sheep's clothing, B. P. Stone.

(2) All present, ministers and delegates, stand on this question, in the silent, clerical, dignified opposition except three. They are in the condition of one Nicodemus; and I exceedingly fear and tremble for them, knowing their situation as I do from bitter experience. Here allow me to say that many times was I tempted to go back and follow Jesus no more through the trials and perils of this glorious enterprise, until I cut loose from the sect, and then I felt *free*. I have had not a doubt cross my mind for nearly two weeks but that I am *more* engaged in God's service, and accepted of Him. Before, I had many. But I was led on by the sophistry, fair speeches and kind regards of sect and her votaries. They are as skilful in these acts as the catholic priest and Lady Superior. They may not intend to deceive, but are under the delusion that all this artful fawning belongs to the "christian lady or gentleman," as the specious Rankin calls it. I pray God that anti-slavery may never be left to put off Christ, in order to put on the gentleman!"

Here also let me warn my "brethren" yet "in the ministry." They are *under that power* by which the second beast (Rev. 13) made men worship the image of the first beast. Call it what you will, priestcraft, ecclesiastical authority, clerical domination, or church discipline—it is the *power of sect* which is the second beast mentioned in this chapter. In chapter 18, the same power is ascribed to the woman who rides upon the first beast. Sect has rode all the way from the tenth century to the present, on this power of the first beast, which is none other than *civil power* and *martial order and discipline*. There is no more of the spirit of Christ in the church discipline, as it is called, than in the army, where the deserter is excommunicated by being *shot through the head*.

Now I warn you, brethren and sisters, to break your connection with these "*divisions* of the *great city*," Rev. 16: 18, or the denominations of sect. For she will assuredly "come up in remembrance before God, to give her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath. Oh, let not another Sabbath pass till you stand out in the broad aisle and declare your testimony against her. Do it my brethren, for the sake of Christ and his poor. Our cause, the dear people of the Lord, *must* partake of her sin and receive of her plagues till this decisive testimony is borne. God help you.

(3) It should be known by all that the "letter missive" is, in ecclesiastical gospel, what the indictment is in law. It contains the articles on which alone the council can act. It is in effect, the same as a warrant for a town meeting. No article should be added.

(4) This same Andrew prepared and secured the signatures of *the four* who attended the delivery of the result, to a paper purporting to be the unanimous decision of the council that the *course of the faction* was right, and was approved by them. Observe here, that the audience knew nothing of this, and supposed the whole was written by the council, or in their presence. I was thus deceived till a week after the result, when the paper was shewn me by the clerk of the church, pasted on the result, in Rankin's hand writing. They apologize by saying the council gave them liberty to alter or add. But I know that their result could not have been unanimous, had this paper been presented to the whole council, for they censured the course of those who headed the faction in the first part of their result, as I have observed above, and Andrew Rankin's addition is almost a direct contradiction of this first declaration of the whole council. I heard one brother, whose name they have got on the result say that the faction were wrong in the course they had pursued. Will not this fact open the eyes of some to the chicanery of these lodges called councils.

Yours for pulling down the strong holds,

I. F. BEACH.

Millbury, Mass., Aug. 27, 1841.

Dear Brother Rogers,—Although my absence from New Hampshire has been much longer than was anticipated, I have not forgotten you, nor lost one particle of interest in the unprecedented moral conflict which you and our little band of faithful coadjutors are still waging in those mountain passes. My heart is ever with you; and every day's absence only serves to enhance my anxiety to stand again by your side, and share the hard-ships and dangers of your daring attempt to take the citadel of slavery by storm. I now admire, more than ever, our New Hampshire mode of warfare. The rapid and almost incredible change in public sentiment which I had ever seen, from time to time, under the auspices of our present Executive Committee, had inspired my utmost confidence in the utility and practicability of their measures; but it was not till I came to this State, and witnessed the workings of a milder policy, that I was fully prepared to appreciate their sternness and uncompromising adherence to principle. It was not till I felt the anti slavery languor, induced by the soft and balmy breezes which fanned the recent Convention in this place, and saw their enervating influence on others of more nerve and courage than myself, that I could duly estimate the healthful and invigorating, though often tempestuous and desolating, winds of our moral Kearsarge, and Monadnock, and Washington. Then, too, it was that I could appreciate the value of associates, who, in this warfare with the grimest monster of perdition, have accustomed themselves to the use of the battle-axe and broad-sword, and whose faces rebuff the enemy's weapons as unscarred as the granite of their native mountains. It is by the side of such bold spirits that I love to stand in the hour of danger, and share the victory which their might and courage are certain to secure.

The Anti-Slavery of this State, I regret to find, has grown quite *tame*—and *harmless* withal Its resources are inexhaustable—wealth, intelligence, unbending integrity, vigorous, manly eloquence—but it wants a *new baptism of the Holy Ghost*. The martyr spirit has fled from its ranks, and it is now no longer the hated disturber of the public peace and quiet, that it once was. Its warfare for the most part, is now defensive—not *aggressive* and *exterminating*, as it was when its heroic pioneer lived in a garret, and had only the reputation of a printer's boy to look after. The voice which then shook the land by its terrible rebukes is now unheeded by the guilty oppressor. His attention is arrested by the sterner demands of justice that now reach his ear from a more obscure source. But I have great confidence in Mass., that she will yet return to her "first love," and resume her original and true position in this great reform. She has many bold and faithful spirits among her farmers and mechanics, and her lowly women, who cannot long be kept in check by the slow and cautious steps of those who now compose the van in her advancing host. God speed them on, I hail the day when courage, fidelity and that deep foresight which mistakes not popular favor for the progress of reform, shall take the helm, instead of learning, eloquence and wealth.

I have time and space to say only a few words respecting the Convention. Its proceedings have already appeared in the Liberator, from which you will learn that nothing transpired of special importance to our cause. It was delightful to meet old anti-slavery friends from some of whom I had been long separated, but that pleasure was marred by the unexpected absence of Wendell Phillips, and Henry G. and Maria W. Chapman.

The meeting did not exhibit the sternness and daring of our New Hampshire gatherings, but still its tone was elevated and manly. It did *some* good things; and I have only to regret that it left so much of vital importance undone—much that would not I am confident, have been so left, had our own friends been the victims of this accursed system.

At the request of several friends I have consented to remain in Massachusetts till after the County Meeting at Groton. Since the Convention I have been laboring in this vicinity with pretty good success. This town for the last five days, has exhibited a scene unprecedented in my experience as an anti-slavery agent. God has indeed begun to "*do his work, His strange work; and bring to pass His act, his strange act*" in this place. Millbury has been literally shaken by a mighty moral earthquake whose deep mutterings have clothed the hypocrite in trembling, and submersed the unbeliever in cold death-damps. Never, I am told by our friends here, was the town so thoroughly roused from its spiritual slumbers, as at the present time. Never, even in the early stages of our enterprise, was the opposition so daring and infuriated, and yet so unmanly and impotent. My first salutation from it was a murderers threat from Clauer Miles a lawyer of some note in the place, to shoot me through the heart upon the spot. The last which I noticed was a handful of harmless peas upon my left cheek, accompanied by a doleful howl from several deluded beings about the door. Poor men! my heart yearned over them as I thought of their present degradation, and future prospects. Oh, my brother has it come to this, that we are hunted down by the Northern laborer for attempting to rescue labor from the degradation to which "slavery has reduced it?" Is New England sunk so low, that her officers of justice with the vows of God and the claims of Liberty upon them, are allowed to brandish their bloody pistols in the face of a public speaker, and threaten him with instant death for bearing a faithful testimony against a clerical manstealer? Such alas, is the humiliating fact!

I have held four public meetings in town, besides a social interview with the abolitionists. The house since the first evening has been crowded to overflowing by an awakened and attentive audience. I have never on any occasion witnessed more of the silent influence of the Holy Spirit, than at these meetings. The truth has had a quickening influence upon the heart and conscience of Millbury, which is truly encouraging. I think I can safely say, I have never taken so high ground on any former occasion, nor dealt quite so much in severities and sharp rebuke, and yet there is not now found in all Millbury a dog to open his mouth. God has at length opened the eyes of this people to see that they are part and parcel of a nation of pirates who have plundered two and an half millions of his children of all that man holds dear, and converted them into brute beasts. He has shown them that *they* are slaveholders, slave-traders, robbers, adulterers and murderers, inasmuch as they have aided in instituting and perpetuating slavery with all its abominations, in the national capital, and the Territory of Florida; and have become partners to a compact by means of which one sixth of our people are kept and used by their neighbors as mere chattels. He has shown them that their ministers are a "*great brotherhood of thieves*," hundreds of whom decorate their parlours and adorn their persons with the price of the children they have stolen. He has shown them that their churches are nothing less than hordes of cannibals, thousands of whose members unrebuked consume whole families of their defenseless neighbors upon their luxurious tables—"nay that they even rob the frantic mother of her darling babe, and sell it to the vintner for wine on which they feast, calling it the "communion of the blood of Christ!" He has shown them that they fellowship as christians and ministers of Christ, those who sell the Savour of the world at auction as a chattel, with brute beasts and household stuff. He has shown them by their indifference or hostility to the anti-slavery enterprise, that they are in heart what they are in fact, the accomplices and abettors of the whole system of American slavery;—that *they* have chained, and tasked, and scourged, and prostituted, and bought and sold the heirs of immortality, for whom he died upon the cross. And truly overwhelming has been the sight. Every one seems astonished at his own position and personal guilt in this matter, and to realize, in some measure, the necessity of repentance and a new life, as the only ground of hope in the pardoning mercy of God. What will be the final result of my labors here, it is impossible to foresee, but at present the excitement is intense beyond every thing I ever witnessed before. It is not a momentary flash of feeling, but a deep and settled conviction of the soul, that we are right, and shall eventually prevail; and that all who are not with us, are fighting against God, and must perish in the controversy. Such a conviction I have endeavored to leave on every mind. My doctrine here, as in New-Hampshire, has been entire separation from the church and government, as the only means of exculpating ourselves from the guilt of slaveholding. How many have received this doctrine, I have no means of knowing. I requested that such only would atttend our meeting last evening, but the house was filled to overflowing, with a promiscuous multitude. This test of anti-slavery character, I regret to say, is unpopular in Mass., and I should not be surprised, if many in this place who have had their eyes opened to the abominations of the church, and the guilt of communing with it, should still continue to do so. But such having known their Master's will will be beaten with many stripes.

To-morrow I leave for Groton, where our friends are anticipating a stirring meeting of the Middlesex County Society on Tuesday next. From that meeting I shall return immediately to New-Hampshire in company with brother Pillsbury, to commence our winter campaign. I hope you will be prepared, my brother, to sustain us in more efficient and decisive measures than we have hitherto adopted. The cause demands decision; and whatever others may do, I dare not proceed by the slow and cautious steps which have hitherto marked my progress. If my life is spared to return, I hope to give you better evidence that I "remember those in bonds, as bound with them." I feel a sweet assurance that God will sustain me in this purpose, and enable me to tread unharmed upon the serpents and scorpions that lay across my path.

Yours in toils and in triumphs.

S. S. FOSTER.

Petitions to Congress.

On most points connected with the progress of our enterprise the abolitionsts of this State are delightfully harmonious in their views.—But there exists among us, I regret to say, no small difference of opinion in regard to this department of anti-slavery labor. Some of us think it is of great utility, others that it is labor lost; while a few regard it as positively injurious to our cause. This diversity of opinion is the result, mainly, I apprehend, of the general prevalence of false notions of the nature, aim and tendency of this mode of anti-slavery action; and of the personal responibilities that grow out of it.

Petitioning is generally regarded as in all cases, a species of political action, necessarily involving the same responsibilities in relation to government, as the use of the elective franchise. But this view of it is entirely a mistaken one. Petitioning political bodies for things which are not political, but purely moral, or philanthropic, partakes not in the slighest degree of politics, any more than do addresses to those same bodies on the sinfulness and impolicy of slave holding. Nor does it incur any responsibility for their character, as such. Nor is it yet an admission of the rightfulness of their existence. Whenever we petition, either to man or God, the morality of the act must be determined, not by the character of him to whom our prayer is made, but by the nature of the object for which we pray. If the object be a political one the prayer will be political action; but if it be purely moral, or philanthropic, the prayer will be moral action.

Politics is associated action for the purpose of controlling others by force. All electioneering and voting is political action. Petitioning and lecturing become such, whenever the object of the petitioner or lecturer is, to procure the abolition of slavery by the exercise of governmental power. But so long as their object is simply to induce the government to withdraw its countenance and support from slavery, or to exert its moral influence to discountenance slave-holding, their action is moral, as purely so, as is petitioning God for the overthrow of slavery.—Who would think it political, to ask an individual slave-holder to relax his iron grasp? And is it more so, to ask a nation of slaveholders to do the same thing? Our brothers and sisters are in slavery, and we cry for help—Stung to the quick with a sense of their wrongs, and the wofulness of their condition, we call upon all without discrimination to hasten to their rescue. We, of course, ask them to do only what christianity allows—to use only her weapons. We ask them especially to see to it that they give the system no countenance or support. Nor need we stop to enquire into the character of those to whom we pray. The act for which we sue is a good one, and it matters not to us who does it. Every body ought to do it; and we only ask them to do their duty. If political or religious bodies, as such, have power to aid us, we implore their aid. And if, as such, they support or countenance Slavery, in the name of outraged and insulted justice, we remonstrate, and entreat them to desist.

Abolitionists cannot ask Congress to suppress slaveholding by force, since they are pledged by their anti-slavery constitutions, if not by their christian professions, to the use of moral means only. And this is unnecessary. Slavery would instantly perish, should the nation as such, cease to cherish and protect it. Let "our *glorious Confederacy*" but lift its iron heel from the necks of its ten thousand prostrate victims in the District of Columbia, and they rise at once and walk erect like men. And let it be remembered, our petitions are to the nation—the entire people of the land, in whom resides all power through their representatives. It is at their hand that we demand the liberty of our enslaved brethren at the South.

Petitioning Congress for the abolition of Slavery on the terms here prescribed, which are the only ones allowed of by our principles, is emphatically moral action, and that of the most effective kind. It unites in the same act all that is irresistable in the force of entreaty, and the moral power of stern rebuke. While it seeks redress, it censures, and awakens a consciousness of guilt. Viewed in this light, it is one of the most unexceptionable, and at the same time forcible and efficacious modes of preaching anti-slavery truth. It speaks at once to the entire land, through her assembled representatives—and proclaims her hypocrisy and guilt in language that none can misapprehend. It concentrates in one thundering peal of rebuke the indignant voices of tens of thousands of outraged freemen, till the nation's ear is made to tingle, and her petrified heart gives signs of returning vitality. Every petition is an anti-slavery sermon delivered in presence of the whole land. It is a faithful testimony against the burning, barbarous, bitter wrongs of the bondman, against which even the Southern task-master cannot close his ears, or steel his callous heart. And who that understands the philosophy of reform, can silence, or lightly esteem such potent testimonies? Let them be multiplied, we would rather say, a thousand fold the present year. Especially let the voice of our Northern women be heard on the floor of Congress, through these swift-winged messengers, pleading with this guilty nation in behalf of their enslaved sisters. Nay, let "babes and sucklings" even remonstrate with our "wise and prudent" legislators, rebuke their shamless hypocrisy, and teach them to respect the law of God.

In the early stages of our enterprise many anticipated an immediate answer to the prayer of their petitions; and hence, when this was denied, or what was *seemingly* worse, their petitions laid upon the table unread, their hopes were disappointed, and their hearts discouraged in this self denying work. But such expectations ought never to have been entertained. The almost universal love of slavery which was betrayed by our people, in their lawless and bloody assaults upon the anti-slavery enterprise, forbade the hope that the nation would at once relax its grasp and release the hated victims of its power. It is only by the repeated application of truth to the public conscience in "line upon line," that we can hope to regenerate the land, and achieve the glorious object contemplated by our enterprise. A single blow cannot be expected to sunder the chains of millions, which successive generations have concurred to forge. But because his prayer has been denied, let not the *consistent* petitioner think his labors have proved abortive. Their value is above all price. It is to such labors that we are indebted in no small degree for the present awakened state of the public mind. They who have acted the hypocrite, or the traitor, by aiding in, or countenancing, the election of men who would deny to the enslaved the glorious boon of freedom, have cause to be disheartened and weep—not for the fettered negro, but for themselves, the cowering slaves of party. Such stand self-condemned, and "covered with the shame of their own doings." False men! who with the condemnation of slavery on your lips proceed deliberately to sustain and perpetuate it!! Nothing short of deep repentance, and a long continued course of unerring rectitude in the cause of freedom, can shield you from the indignation and scorn, which such recreancy richly merits.

But let the true hearted and faithful take courage, for their testimony is recorded in heaven, and their prayer hath been heard on high, and God himself will be their avenger.

If the view here taken of the nature and aim of petitioning be correct, too much importance cannot be attached to the matter and form of our petitions. As their object is to produce conviction, shame and remorse, in the bosom of the oppressor, as well as to awaken his sympathies for the victims of his avarice and lust of power, they should contain burning sentiments, couched in language of stern rebuke. They speak to the conscience of a guilty nation, and if possible should be made to tell the whole story of her crimes. They should strip the mask from the hypocritical North, and expose her as an accomplice in this bloody system. They should especially remind the country of her deep degradation and utter loss of national character, by pointing to her chief magistrate as

a slave breeder—the owner of, perhaps, some fifty or an hundred women—the absolute claimant, and perchance the paramour of his neighbor's wives and daughters!

Such petitions may be laid upon the table, but they cannot be put to sleep. When Congress has chained the lightning, and gagged the earthquake, it may hope to silence "the still small voice of these unpretending messengers of truth. But till then we need entertain no fears for their fate. Let them be sent forth by tens of thousands from the warm hearts of the true friends of liberty, and they will electrify and redeem the nation.

It is the prerogative of those who circulate petitions to decide for themselves what forms they will adopt; but the following having been prepared with much care are respectfully submitted for their consideration. as, in the opinion of the writer, at least, adapted to the present exigencies of our cause.

(1.)

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled—

The undersigned, inhabitants of the County of in the State of New Hampshire, having learnt with mortification and deep regret, that the President of the United States has been guilty of a most flagrant outrage upon the persons of a portion of the people of this country, that he has enslaved and now claims and holds them as his chattels, plundering them of their daily industry, their wives, their husbands and children, "against the peace and dignity" of the national Commonwealth, and in open violation of the Constitution which guaranties liberty and protection to all, irrespective of color or condition, and which he has sworn to support, do most earnestly entreat you immediately to take the necessary steps for his impeachment for this "high crime and misdemeanor" according to the provisions of the constitution.

(2.)

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of New Hampshire in General Court convened—

The undersigned, inhabitants of County, having learnt with mortification and deep regret that the President of the United States has been guilty of flagrant outrage upon the persons of a portion of the people of this country, that he has enslaved and now claims and holds them as his chattels, plundering them of their daily industry, their wives and children, against the "peace and dignity" of the national Commonwealth, and in open violation of the Constitution which guarantees liberty and protection to all, irrespective of color or condition, earnestly entreat you to request the Delegation in Congress from this State, to prosecute his impeachment for this "high crime and misdemeanor" according to the provisions of the Constitution.

(3.)

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of New Hampshire in General Court convened:

The undersigned, inhabitants of Conuty, deeply convinced of the sinfulness, inhumanity and unconstitutionality of slaveholding, and of the inalienable right of all men to freedom, respectfully ask you to pass resolves remonstrating against any such interpretation of the Constitution by the General Government, as shall regard as "*insurrection* or *domestic violence*" any attempt on the part of our enslaved countrymen to recover or maintain their Liberty by force; and protesting also against any application of the military force of the country or exercise of the civil power, to overawe or put down any such attempt,—or in any way to countenance or sustain the slave system.

We also ask a resolve assuring the General Government and the several States, that this State regards the *whole* population of the country, irrespective of *color* or *condition*, as citizens, and constitutionally entitled to equal rights and privileges, as such! and will answer no *call* from the General Government, to aid in putting down any attempt on the part of our enslaved, people to recover their Liberties.

It is not my intention here to enter into a discussion of the claims of these petitions. They speak for themselves. I would simply say, they assume no positions but such as are warranted by the application of our anti-slavery principles, and can be fully maintained by unanswerable arguments. If they are thought to contain any peculiar merits, it will give me satisfaction to see them generally adopted. But if not, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in their rejection, and cooperate in the circulation of others, which may be thought better adapted to promote our enterprise.

S. S. FOSTER.

J. A. Collins.—The Committee of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who were appointed to audit and report upon the accounts of John A. Collins with said society; report, that they have attended to that duty, and find said accounts to be correctly cast and satisfactorily vouched.

The Board have shown their entire confidence in Mr. Collins, by an unanimous vote to re-elect him their general agent.

A Bequest.—The Hon. Mr. Dale, of Albany recently bequeathed $1000 to the Baptist Seminary at Hamilton, New-York. But in consequence of their friendly reception and sympathy with Elder Davis, the notorious slavery champion, he has transferred the gift to the Freewill Baptist Seminary in Rhode Island.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.
'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'
N. P. ROGERS, Editor.
'In the name of our God we will set up our banners.'

CONCORD: SEPTEMBER 10, 1841.

Anti-Slavery Jaunt to the Mountains.

We meant, from the several stages of our hurried expedition, to drop back for the Herald some of its incidents, detailed while events and impressions were fresh. But we could not find opportunity. The rapidity of our movement and constant occupation during intervals of anti-slavery action, compelled us to defer attempting it, and we must now give our readers a dull reminiscence.

We left Concord the morning of 23d of August. The day before—Sunday—our brother Garrison had taken a most interesting and edifying part in the free meeting over the Bank; and had given an anti-slavery lecture in the Unitarian meeting house, to the better classes of the inhabitants of the village. By *better* we mean neither the "property and standing," nor the theology—but the heart and the soul of the people here. The numerous clergy to be found about the village, were all absent, save the Methodist minister, Mr. *Jones*, and the political editor, *reverend* Mr. Tracy, who still ranks as a divine, we suppose, on about even pay. The lecture was entirely unprepared, but it was full of the intrepidity, the heart, and the clear-visioned talent which first moved the anti-slavery enterprise. A most salutary impression. it seemed to us, was made upon the auditory. "God giveth the increase." The lecturer was frank with New-Hampshire politicians. In their behalf, however, we would say that the parties here are advocates of something they love better and prize higher than human liberty, or humanity, and are both true to their cause. If *reverend* friend Tracy could *drum* up a single handful of third party politicians, with the "*one idea*" of *fighting* down slaveholders, (for that is the way third party is to do it—by a kind of "fifteen gallon law" enforced by the sword) and they could get the majority of the other parties to turn *fighting* abolitionists and go with them—why then we might get an abolition administration—"with one idea," viz. the impossible and criminal one of killing the masters if they did not give up their slaves—which idea abolitionism has abhorred and repudiated from the beginning.—But if third party had *other* political *ideas* beside finishing slavery with the bowie knife of the law, why then it would abolish it, provided it was popular to do it. In other words, provided there were *none to abolish*, which will be the case whenever *anti*-slavery becomes *popular*. This is a digression.

The morning was clear and pleasant after the rains of Saturday night and Sunday. The air was purified and refreshed from the parching drought, and the earth joyous as the "shining morning face" of a new washed school boy. The dust was laid and travelling beautiful. We crossed the Merrimack, hailing it as native stream, brother G. at its mouth, and we up its coldest tributary, and rode over Canterbury high hills with that lightness of heart and freedom of spirit, which God vouchsafes, in our land and day, only to the faithful abolitionists. Others may "labor" "and seek rest" as they may. They don't find it. Kearsarge mountains, looming in the western distance, at solemn height, gave us promise of the mightier peaks in the great chain to which we were journeying—standing alone, in advance of its high peers, like an advance guard, encouraging us by its great, but subordinate elevation, to expect *altitudes* equal to our *loftiest* wishes.—Speeding on by many a bold home on the hills, and many a valley whose retired beauty recalled to delighted recollection the vales of Scotland, we approached the tributary stream paid to the Merrimack, from out New-Hampshire's chiefest lake—and which bears its name—the *Winnipisockee*. This, with our own little native river, the cold and swift Pemigewasset, from the Franconia Notch, *conspiring* a short distance to the left of our way, in the formation of the Merrimack. Just before crossing Winnipissockee river we passed the brick "steeple house," where the honorable Samuel Tilton, at the instigation of the honorable Daniel Atkinson, and supported by an honorable mob—"all honorable men," arrested George Storrs for the *felony* of an anti-slavery prayer. What a sign that event of republican and christian times. And they tried him, for his *anticipated* anti-slavery lecture, before a New-Hampshire justice of the peace! a fact that will be picked up by the future Belknap for our history, and which will afford a sort of immortality to some on the banks of the Winnipisockee, who otherwise might have enjoyed a comfortable oblivion.—We found friend Asa Bean at the tavern stable at Sanbornton Bridge—a humble mechanic and faithful abolitionist, who kindly urged us to his house, where we were most pleasantly entertained by his friendly and free-hearted wife.

On the high lands of Sandbornton (taking the old road for prospect) the glorious mountains of the North showed us their blue outline—the broad, whale-like back of Moosehillock, and the pyramid looking Haystacks, blending with the sky, and bedimmed with vapor and cloud. They called to mind the first *discovered* land, last summer, on our voyage to England—the dim Irish shores, and the misty mountains of Wales. Towards sunset our own home hills greeted our sight, and the *once* loved spires of the village where we were born, their clean white showing picturesquely among the green of the woods beyond them. Old North Hill, with its bare forehead and commanding peak, which in Scotland would have been crowned with immortality in a hundred songs—standing there unhonored and unsung—a bleak hill top, climbed now and then for prospect—but chiefly for the blue-berries that grow upon its brow, or the sheep and young cattle, and wild colts that pasture up its sides. Few places of so little note strike the eye of the traveller so pleasantly as the town of Plymouth in Grafton County. A beautiful expanse of intervale opens on the eye like a lake among the hills and woods, and the pretty river Pemigewasset, refreshed with its recent tributary, Baker's river, from the foot of Moosehillock, and bordered along its crooked sides with rows of maple, meanders widely from upland to upland through the meadows, and realizes to the mind some of the sequestered spots in the vallies of the Swiss cantons. It was with no small interest that we introduced the editor of the Liberator to the scene of our birth and boyhood. It was the birth place of New-Hampshire anti-slavery too. We are sad to say it is not now anti-slavery's dwelling place. The spirit that once animated it has faded under the influence of the pro-slavery pulpit. It is kept from utter abandonment by Ezekiel Rogers, the anti-slavery shoemaker. He sits there with his head covered, a Mordecai in sight of the village Haman.

We had been led to expect somewhat that the Congregational meeting house, a very tasty synagogue, which we helped largely to erect a few years before our removal from the village, would be opened to brother Garrison for a lecture. We did not expect it from the character of its pulpit—but from the majority of the committee in charge of it—professed abolitionists, as well as from the prudence of the minority, though not interested in the anti-slavery cause. We supposed all had the necessary curiosity, if not the good taste, to want to hear the man of whom so many bugbear stories had been told in the village, and whose name had, they knew, become renowned on both sides the Atlantic. But a petty bigotry and priest-ridden prejudice prevailed. Perhaps the church malignity towards his fellow-traveller moved them to shut the meeting house.—No matter for the reason. They refused the house unless upon a condition which abolitionists could not accept, and which honorable men would never have offered.

The Methodist meeting house was also refused—but more honestly than the other, with a broad, ill-mannered No, from the temporary divine who *tends* it. Let them be forever shut against the cause of BLEEDING HUMANITY. They are *abandoned to their uses*. As is ever the case, in the overruling of Providence, the paltry refusal of the meeting houses served greatly to advance our cause and magnify the occasion. Driven from the Synagogues, the abolitionists applied for a grove across the river, on the land of Mr. Joy of Holderness. He readily allowed them the use of it—one spot was found in the neighborhood of Plymouth steeples, not dedicated and given over to slavery, and to soulless, heartless, ungodly sect. One temple there was, not made with hands—of God's own building—roofed with the blue sky, and pillared about with the trees of the wood, and floored and carpeted with the glorious, green earth, dedicated not to imitations of Jewish ceremonials, or the rites of heathenism—but to that worship of the Father, which He requireth of them, who worship Him in spirit and in truth. Thither anti-slavery repaired to hold her assembly and hear the advocate of the Saviour's poor. Semicircular seats, backed against a line of magnificent trees, to accommodate, we should judge, from two to three hundred, though we did not think about numbers, were filled principally with women—and the men who could not find seats, stood on the green sward on either hand, and at length, when wearied with standing, seated themselves on the ground. Garrison mounted on a rude platform in front, lifted up his voice and spoke to them in prophet tones and surpassing eloquence, from half past three till I saw the rays of the setting sun playing through the trees on his head. It was at his back—but the auditory could see it, if they had felt at leisure to notice the decline of the sun or the lapse of time. They heeded it not—any more than he, but remained till he ended, apparently undisposed to move, though some came from six, eight, and even twelve miles distance. A vastly better impression was made than would have been, had poor, pitiful sect opened its portals. More attended. It was a different and a far better auditory than would have been gathered in the meeting house, especially if the pastors had countenanced the meeting and led in their implicit flocks. The auditory was not the village aristocracy from under the eaves of Bank, Court House, *Seminary*, or the Steeple House, as George Fox used to call it. Such would have had as little heart to hear or to act as any of their corporations which admittedly "have no soul." Pearls cast before them would have been cast contrary to the scripture injunction. They could not have listened with hearing ears or understanding hearts. Their ears and hearts are kept by their pastors. Driven from the *sanctuaries* we had another and freer auditory. They were politicians, to be sure, many of them, but a politician has more of a heart left in him than a sectarian. Politics is not such a soul-canker as sect. Sect eats the heart all up. It leaves nothing in a man. He can't say his soul is his own—or that he has one, belonging to any body. He is a poor, creeping, formal idolater, bowing down to an image he has helped to set up, and to the wooden perch on which he mounts his idol for exhibition and worship. No—the politicians have their humanity left—at least a portion of it. And if it appeals to them, they are not afraid to hear it. It is not *irreligious* in their estimation to have "flesh in their hearts," and pity for bleeding humanity. The meeting in the grove called out many of them who would not have entered the house, and we confess they have reason to suspect the motives of even an anti-slavery lecturer, who is admitted by the pastor into a pulpit. We don't blame them for their jealousy of *meeting house* lecturers. It is a sign, *if they are let into pulpits, that they have not at heart the interests of humanity*. The rejection from the house gave Garrison many auditors of this kind. And though he told them the stern truth about their politics—they knew it was told in honesty. They knew there was no speculation or hypocrisy or party in it. They felt it was true, or at least honest. They understood it, and can repeat it. And they are the men to spread it among the people, at least some of them. Now let the little papacy of Plymouth village prate of Garrison's infidelity. The people have seen him and heard him, infidelity and all. And they heard more of christian truth and gospel preaching, in that one, river-bank discourse, than these yoked and fettered meeting houses can ever afford from the day of their dedication to the time when not one stone of them shall be left upon another.

Garrison spoke the better for being driven to the open air. The injustice and meanness of it aroused his spirit, and the beauty of the scene animated his eloquence. We never heard him speak so powerfully, and as he spoke the more earnestly, the people, from like cause, heard with deeper interest. He scarcely alluded to the miserable Jesuitry that excluded us from the synagogue. We are thankful it all happened so. To God be the praise.

We must go to the Dover Convention, where we expect again to meet our great hearted brother, and where we could almost wish a like treatment from pro-slavery bigotry and cowardice, to incite to life our anti-slavery apathy and dulness. But John Parkman is minister there, and not our poor brother Punchard, and we shall meet in a house and not out of doors. We must defer for another week further account of our journey, our ascent of North Hill, our jaunt to the Franconia Notch, to the Littleton Convention—by the way gloriously attended and conducted—and to Mount Washington, and our passage of its tremendous gap—side by side with the infant Saco—not wider there than the narrow path—but soon expanding into a bridged and boated river in the beautiful champain region below the mountains.

President Tyler

We understand is impelled by *conscientious scruples*, to disappoint his party and veto its bank. He was impelled to it by his oath to support the constitution. We ask him if he ever feels "compunctious visitings" of *constitutional* conscience, at that article of the constitution, which declares that "no person shall be deprived of life, LIBERTY, or PROPERTY, but by due process of Law." We understand he has stripped some 200 of his neighbors of their LIBERTY and their property in their wages in his service—without any *pretence* of legal process. We would put the query, If he has plundered the neighbors aforesaid in such manner aforesaid, where is his scrupulosity in the one case which is so rampant in the other?

S. S. Foster.

We publish the letter of this faithful and self-denying and devoted brother from Millbury, without having time to make any comment upon it—being on the eve of starting for the meetings at Dover.—We can only say that we need the spur in New-Hampshire as much as he thinks it is needed in the pioneer state, to make us move as we ought in our tremendous enterprise. The despairing slave "complains that we are slow." The Lord give us His quickening Spirit in all the anti-slavery field, wherever we need it, *in rear* and *van*, and without distinction of state.

Brother Pillsbury in Taunton.

On Friday evening, July 30, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, of N. H., lectured on slavery at the Town Hall in Taunton, Mass. He presented the following resolution for discussion, and gave an invitation to all who maintained the negative, to come forward and debate it:—He had lectured there, I believe one evening before.

Resolved, That Am. slavery is a system of wholesale robbery, adultery, man stealing and murder, that it is the sin of the whole nation, BUT PRE-EMINENTLY OF THE NORTH; that it is sustained both by the republicanism and religion of the country, BUT PRE-EMINENTLY BY THE RELIGION, AND THAT NO ENLIGHTENED PERSON OUGHT TO BE REGARDED AS A CHRISTIAN, WHO IS NOT AN ACTIVE OUTSPOKEN ABOLITIONIST".

Mr. Pillsbury waited for some one to speak upon the subject, but no one came forward. He of course had the whole field to himself. But it appears that he was such an excellent marksman, he wounded some few who are 'as good abolitionists as you—but, *I don't like your measures*.' After he was gone, some one or two summoned up courage sufficient to attack him in the paper (the Whig) in a most cowardly manner, calling him '*rabid*,' '*radical*' '*dangerous reformer*,' a '*brawling demagogue*,' *a wolf in sheep's clothing*,' &c. &c. and then accusing him of very hard language '*unbecoming any gentleman*,' &c.

In about two weeks Mr. Pillsbury came back from the New Bedford and Nantucket meetings, and his friends, and the friends of the slave, gave him another opportunity to lecture and discuss the above resolution, thinking that as some *professed* friend of the slave had thus attacked him in the papers, they would have courage enough to meet him for the purpose of discussing the resolution. The meeting was held on the evening of the 13th inst., when a larger assemblage had convened together than at the previous meeting, notwithstanding the papers of both the political parties cautioned the public against hearing this 'brawling demagogue.' The Taunton 'Democrat' had, the Friday previous, the following short article, evidently intended to prejudice the 'liberty party,' so called, against him:—

'*Parker Pillsbury.*—The editor of the Free American, the organ of the Abolition Society and Liberty party in this State, says:—'As to Mr. Pillsbury, the Liberty party have nothing to do with him;' and asks if this paper will have the candor to say so? But, Mr. American, how is it that Mr. Pillsbury is sustained here by some of the warmest friends of the Liberty party?'

The writer of this article having seen notice given that Mr. Pillsbury would then discuss the subject of the above resolution, and seen the abusive attack in the Taunton papers, walked eight miles to hear him on the above evening, and was highly gratified with the candor, moderation, and ability, in which he manages the subject. He mentioned the circumstance of his previously introducing the resolution, its reception, &c., and then gave an earnest and pressing invitation to any one on the negative to come forward and meet him in fair argument. He then sat down and waited patiently for an opponent; but no person appeared. He, then made some just and discreet observations on the first clause of the resolution, giving another call for some one to meet him; and then again sat down; but his call was vain—no living soul moved a foot or tongue against him. This he did several times, till he investigated every part of the resolution in a most able and satisfactory manner, no one appearing to say *nay* to the resolution or his remarks.

From the Liberator.

World's Convention.

It is expected that during the week of the non-resistance meeting, on the 21st and 22d of September, a meeting will be held to deliberate on further measures to call a World's Convention, to discuss the subjects of human rights in all their bearings. Interesting information respecting this contemplated Convention will be then given. Much interest is manifested on the subject in this country and in England. Does humanity call for such a Convention? Is it practicable? When and where shall it be held? The best way to organize and perpetuate it? These questions will come up for consideration at the meeting in September; and all who feel interested in organizing a human rights Convention for the world, and have any suggestions to make, are invited to attend.

The resolution under which the Committee to call the convention was appointed last spring is as follows:

'Resolved, That a Committee of twelve be appointed, with power to add to their number at discretion, to call a World's Convention, to consider the subject of human rights in all its bearings—what they are—the present condition of mankind in respect to them—the causes of their violation—and the means of their restoration and protection.'

The names of the Committee are—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Child, Nathaniel P. Rogers, Maria W. Chapman, Robert Purvis, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, Henry C. Wright, Samuel J May, Wm. Bassett, Edmund Quincy, Chas. C Burleigh.

Conventions.

The following are the arrangements for Anti Slavery meetings during the month of September.

At East Weare, Tuesday and Wednesday, 14th and 15th, afternoons and evenings.

Henniker, Thursday and Friday, 16th and 17th, afternoons and evenings.

Hancock, Tuesday and Wednesday 21st and 22d, afternoons and evenings.

Francestown, Thursday and Friday, 23d and 24th, afternoons and evenings.

Nashua, Wednesday and Thursday, 29th and 30th, afternoons and evenings.

New-Boston, Friday Oct. 1st to be continued on Saturday if thought best.

The state agents will attend these meetings, together with such other assistance as can be procured. Mr. S. S. Foster will also lecture on slavery at Hillsborough, on Sunday, Sept. 19th; at Antrim, on Monday evening, the 20th; at Milford, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, 25th, 26th and 27th; and at Wilton, Tuesday, the 28th.

The General Agent will lecture at Mason, Saturday and Sunday evenings, 25th and 26th, and at Hollis Monday and Tuesday evenings 27th and 28th. All the afternoon meetings will commence at 2 o'clock.

The friends of the slave in the several towns will have notice given of the meetings, and such other arrangements made as may be thought necessary.

Friends of the cause from the neighboring towns are earnestly invited to attend or assist in the discussions.

PARKER PILLSBURY, Gen. Agt.

The Annual meeting of the Concord Female Moral Reform Society will be held at the Vestry of the Baptist Church—Tuesday, Sept. 14,—at 2 o'clock P. M,

Wanted Immediately,

FIFTY AGENTS to sell by subscription, the Early History of N. England. First and Second Vols. of the True American and other valuable works to whom good encouragement will be given.

Agents who will furnish from $50 to $100, on receiving their agency and taking their books will find their money safely and profitably invested.

Letters addressed to I. S. Boyd, postage paid will receive prompt attention.

Concord Sept. 10, 1841.

THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM,
At Pembroke, N. H.

THE next Term in this Institution will commence on THURSDAY, the 19th of AUGUST instant, and continue 12 weeks.

☞ Tuition $4, payable in advance.

I. KINSMAN, Principal.

Pembroke, August 6, 1841.

Clinton Grove School,

WEARE, N. H.

ARRANGEMENTS have recently been made to continue this institution, under the care of WILLIAM H. GOVE, as Principal. Pupils will be admitted at any time when they choose to enter. The Institution is located in a pleasant and retired part of the town, altogether aside from the noise and bustle of business, rendering it a very appropriate situation for study, while at the same time it is free from idle and vicious company. Parents who wish to place their children here, are assured that every effort will be made to maintain good moral habits and correct discipline among the students.

A BOARDING HOUSE is connected with the School, under the care of a gentleman well qualified for the charge, where all who attend, except those resident in the immediate neighborhood, will be accommodated. Scholars are not allowed to leave the grounds of the Institution without permission, and they are answerable at all times to the Teachers for misconduct while absent.

The English Branches usually studied at Academies, will be taught at this Institution.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition, $2.10 per quarter, (twelve weeks.) The terms and regulations for Females the same.

Each pupil must furnish his own class books, or they will be supplied at the Institution for one dollar per quarter.

MOSES SAWYER,
ISRAEL HOAG,
MOSES A. HODGDON, } Directors.

Weare, 7th month, 5th, 1841.

POETRY.

From the Churchman.

One by One Love's Links are Broken.

"One by one the objects of our affection depart from us.——Thou glorious Spirit-land! O, that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life, and light, and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones, whose being has flowed onward like a silver-clear stream into the solemn sounding main, into the ocean of eternity!" HYPERION.

One by one love's links are broken,
One by one our friends depart,
Voices that have kindly spoken,
Heart which throbbed to kindred heart.

Gentle tones with ours that blended
At the holy hour of prayer,
Lips from which Te Deum ascended,
We ask for these, and find them—where?

Some are resting in the ocean,
Hidden 'mid its secret deep,
Heedless of its wild commotion,
Sleeping there a dreamless sleep.

Some have wandered o'er the billow,
Prayers nor tears their lives could save,
Deep their rest beneath the willow,
In a far-off church-yard grave.

And some are near us calmly lying,
Our love-words cannot break their sleep;
No answer comes but wild winds sighing
Through the grass o'er which we weep.

List we for the heart-warm greeting
Loved and prized in days gone by?
Look we for fond glances meeting
Ours from out the soul-lit eye?

Ask we for the joyous beaming
Of the smiles that radiant shone
Round us in our youthful dreaming?
Ask for *these*?—Where are they?—Gone!

Like the fresh and dewy sweetness
Of the summer's balmy flowers,
Such the fragrance, such the fleetness,
Of those blessed dreams of ours.

Ah, not here, not here our dwelling,
In this changing world of time;
Thanks to GOD! all change is telling
Of a holier, happier clime.

Thanks to GOD! this parting, paining,
Weans the heart from earthly ties;
Life's night of sorrow darkly waning,
Will break in morn upon the skies.

Weep not over hopes departed,
Seek not here the scattered band;
Soul of mine, look up, look forward
To the glorious spirit-land!

SCOTLAND.

George Thompson.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society—on a motion to accept the Annual Report, which decidedly condemned New-Organization, made the following manly and eloquent speech. We give but portion of it this week, for want of room.—Thompson shows himself the same GEORGE THOMPSON now, that he was amid the storms of mobocracy in New England, although he has since been breathing the atmosphere of *limited despotism* in Old England. How clearly he discerns the genius of New-Organization,—and how amply he exposes it. Truth sees with the same eye in whatever clime.—Truth is the same—and reason the same wherever the mind plays. Old-Organized Anti-Slavery will yet disperse English despotism, and give liberty and bread to that famished and *subject* people. We copy Thompson's speech from the Glasgow Argus of August 5th.—Ed'r.

Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON came forward amid loud cheers. He said—I know not that, at any subsequent part of this evening, I could choose a better opportunity for making one or two observations than at this moment. I rise without prompting and without persuasion—I rise spontaneously, and in obedience to my conscience alone, to speak in the sincerity of my heart that which I believe to be dictated, and sternly demanded, by honor, by friendship, by truth, and by justice. Sir, there have been no circumstances in my short life that have been to me the sources of more pain than the circumstances connected with the late unhappy divisions among the abolitionists of the United States of America. (Hear.) And certainly no one circumstance connected with that unfortunate affair has given me pain in any degree approaching that which I experience, in the contemplation of the present state of the society with which it has been the chief honor of my life to be associated—the Glasgow Emancipation Society. (Hear.) Never did I rise in this city under feelings so embarrassing or overpowering as at this instant. The place in which we meet—the number of this audience—the aspect of this platform—the absence of those whom I venerate, and not I alone, but whom we all venerate—these things so afflict me, that I could almost wish myself any where than where I am, though, in past times, I have never desired to be any where more than in the city of Glasgow. (Cheers.) I place little value on my own opinion—I desire you to attach no value to my opinion, save that which it merits as the opinion of an individual who has never been bought, or bribed, or menaced into the expression of any opinion which was not sanctioned by his judgment, and felt in his heart. (Cheers.) It has been—I will not say my misfortune—but my painful duty often to differ from my nearest and dearest friends; often have I been called upon in critical moments to denounce, even in the severest terms, the policy of those whom I most respected, and who, if duty would have allowed, I would gladly have followed, and acknowledged in every respect as my superiors. (Cheers.) Nor would I, to find favor, utter one word which truth did not warrant, or to maintain, in the place which he occupied, the nearest or dearest friend I have in this, or in any other part of the world. (Cheers.) I say this to strengthen, if it be possible, the testimony I am about to bear—a testimony such as I trust I shall be able to reflect upon with satisfaction hereafter, careless whether it be a testimony which others are disposed to corroborate, if my own conscience, in the sight of God, tells me it is true. (Cheers.) I say, then, that the deep conviction of my soul is, that that section of the abolitionists in the United States which has been repudiated by many of the abolitionists in this country, and respecting whom, it seems, a vote of want of confidence has been passed in London, is that section of the abolitionists which deserves pre-eminently the countenance, the confidence, the love, and the earnest support of every lover of human liberty in every part of the world. (Great cheering.) And upon what do I ground this opinion? Charge me not with presumption when I say that I have a knowledge of the men and women in the United States who have been thus repudiated, longer in its duration, and more intimate in its character, than that possessed by any other man in this country. (Hear.) The first time I heard of William Lloyd Garrison, who stands at the head of this party, and deservedly so, was from the lips of one who left on my mind the impression that he was a bad man. He was represented to me as a convicted libeler, as the tenant of a dungeon, as a companion of felons, as a man reckless of the safety of others, and seeking to disturb the peace, and to destroy the institutions of his country. This description of Mr. Garrison was given me by one to whose voice I have listened in this room, Mr. Elliot Cresson, the accredited agent of the American Colonization Society. He it was who first uttered in my ears the name of Wm. Lloyd Garrison as associated with the epithets I have repeated. Thereafter I became acquainted with the real character of the man. First, through my friend Captain Charles Stuart, who had visited America, and was then in London, and who had in his possession, all the documents revealing the cause of the imprisonment of Mr. Garrison, as well as illustrative of his early history, and the share he had taken in the emancipation cause. What, then, became of the charges which had been made against my friend?—He was "a convicted libeller," because he had denounced an individual of his own state, who, while sustaining a reputation for respectability, had nevertheless embarked his capital in the slave trade, and was then carrying on a traffic in human flesh between his own shores and those of Africa. (Hear, hear.) He was the "tenant of a dungeon," because, by the verdict of a pro-slavery jury, and the sentence of a slave-holding judge, he was ordained to pay a fine of 1000 dollars, and to be imoured in prison on non-payment of the sum; the companion of felons he was—and many men, even holier and better than Mr. Garrison, have been the companion of felons who are now the companions of angels and the spirits of the just, and have been the admired, and cherished, and sanctified of all generations since they quitted their dungeons. (Great cheering.) My opinion of Mr. Garrison, therefore, was changed, and soon after I had the privilege of embracing him in the city of London; and from that period, the early part of 1833, down to this moment, I have been honored with his friendship, and, I think I may say, with his unlimited confidence. From 1833 I have been intimately acquainted with the working of the anti-slavery cause in America. In 1834 I was sent out from this country to America, for the purpose of prosecuting an anti-slavery mission, and during the time I was there I obtained a knowledge of almost every person with whose names you are familiar; and let me say, too, that my acquaintance in the United States was not confined to that party which has recently been cast off by a portion of the anti-slavery public in this country. It extended to all the prominent individuals who have felt themselves called upon to separate from Mr. Garrison and his adherents. All of them, for I will make no exception, were men of respectability and worth. (Hear.) I shall not, on this occasion, judge the motives which have influenced the seceders—nor will I undertake to condemn their conduct—I step forward to bear my humble but honest testimony to the unsullied integrity and unfaltering perseverance of those whom I regard as the injured and the misrepresented party, the party that has been made to suffer, I will not say by what means, in the estimation of many, who once admired and loved them, in this country, and of some, I lament to say, in this city. (Hear.) With regard to the vexed question of woman's rights, which I find uppermost in the minds of many dear friends, it has been represented that the division in the United States has grown chiefly out of agitation, on the part of Mr. Garrison and his friends, on the question of the abstract rights of women. Now, I undertake, unequivocally and solemnly, with my mind upon the history of this whole matter, to deny the accuracy of that representation, and I am prepared to demonstrate the justice of that denial. (Cheers.) When I was in the United States, I became intimately acquainted with that distinguished authoress, Mrs. Child, and had the privilege of conversing with her at her own fireside in Boston; and, not having the fear of ecclesiastical authority before my eyes, I ventured to say to her, "Why remain at home? I have come on a mission to your country; I have thrown myself into the breach with the generous spirits who are storming the strong hold of oppression in your land—go you to Europe—rouse the females of Britain—meet the anti-slavery societies—address them with your voice—address them by your pen—call upon them to sustain me, and to sustain all who, in the dark way of danger and of conflict, are endeavoring to pioneer into birth the day-star of liberty in America." (Cheers.) She nobly said, "Let the means be found to send me, and I go." I am, as you know, generally prompt in my movements. I got on board a steamboat, and went to New-York—the anti-slavery committee was summoned—Arthur Tappan, the excellent President, in the chair, with Lewis Tappan at his right, and the other friends of the movement around him. I said, "I have got the consent of Mrs. Child to go to England—she has made her Appeal in an admirable volume here in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans—send the writer of that Appeal to our country, and let her appear there as the champion of freedom in your country." (Cheering.) "But what is to become of her husband?" they said.—(Laughter.) He is willing to go too, was my reply; and, in less than an hour, through the munificence of Arthur Tappan, and the generous devisings of his colleagues, a fund was guarantied sufficient to meet the charges of Mr. and Mrs. Child's transit to this country, and their maintenance in respectability and comfort when here. (Cheers.)—Circumstances, however, prevented the accomplishment of the intended mission. Was there any talk of woman's rights then? (Hear.) Did I go to New-York as an advocate of woman's rights? Did I undertake the journey from Britain to plead the cause of petticoat supremacy? (Laughter.) It never entered my mind, nor did I see aught of impropriety in the action? At that time there was no alarm felt at the proposition to send a female delegate to England, although the other day, when four or five excellent females came over the water, the alarm was so great, that they were not only voted out of the Convention, but placed in the side gallery at Exeter Hall, though, strange to say, English ladies, several of them utter strangers to labor, still more to danger in the anti-slavery cause, were accommodated with seats on the right and left of the chair, and I heard not a whisper from any one that they were out of their appropriate sphere. (Cheers.) Take another instance, equally illustrative of the joy with which female co-operation was at first welcomed. Those extraordinary females, the Misses Grimke, had their minds enlightened on the subject of slavery, and were led to lay aside all their aristocratical pretensions, to forsake all the pleasures of the society in which they had been accustomed to move, and the comforts and indulgences of life, for the cause of truth and freedom, and finally came forth as the bold but modest advocates of human rights. Was there any alarm created then? Nothing of the kind. These precious women came down to Philadelphia, and they labored zealously and unostentatiously in the cause of human freedom there. They were comforted and encouraged by the very same men who are now condemning the conduct of Mr. Garrison and his female fellow-laborers. It was not Garrison who called upon the Quaker sisters to make their appeals in public; but they were sent for from Philadelphia to New-York by those who have recently formed the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society—Arthur Tappan being chairman, and Elizur Wright, the recording secretary—and were offered a commission, signed and sealed, authorizing them to go forth, and without let or hindrance, without limit or restriction, in public and in private, in season and out of season, to advocate the claims of the slave. (Great cheering.) They declined such a commission, choosing rather to act upon their own responsibility, and to follow the suggestions of their minds, illumined by Divine influence. They went to Boston, and over a considerable portion of New-England; and by degrees they were forced out into public. They were attacked by the Boston press, and from the pro-slavery pulpits, but they nevertheless labored, night after night, addressing men and women, ministers and senators, lawyers and physicians, in fact every description of people that came in their way. (Cheers.) And who were the defenders of these women from the attacks made upon them? (Cheering.) Those who have now separated from Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors, on the woman's rights question. (Applause.) Yes; and whenever I am called upon to give more than my own testimony in favor of the wisdom and utility of female exertions, I will go to the *New-York Emancipator*, and take from its glowing and argumentative columns, written by the very chief among the seceders, the most eloquent, powerful, and irresistable paragraphs in favor of the interference of women in this question. (Cheering.)

(Concluded next week.)

MISCELLANY.

From Stephen's Travels in Central America.

Society at Balize.

The town seemed in the entire possession of the blacks. The bridge, the market places, the streets and stores were thronged with them; and I might have fancied myself in the capital of a negro republic.—They were a fine looking race, tall, straight, and athletic, with skins black, smooth, and glossy as velvet. They were well dressed; the men in white cotton shirts and trowsers, with straw hats, and the women in white frocks with short sleeves and broad red borders, adorned with large red earrings and necklaces. I could not help remarking, that the frock was their only article of dress, and that it was the fashion of these sable ladies to drop this considerably from off the right shoulder, and to carry the skirt in the left hand, and raise it to any height necessary for crossing puddles.

I stopped at the house of a merchant, whom I found at what was called a second breakfast. The gentleman sat on one side of the table, and his lady on the other. At the head was a British officer, and opposite to him a mulatto; on his left was another officer, and opposite to him also a mulatto. By chance a place was made for me between the two colored gentlemen. Some of my countrymen, perhaps would have hesitated about taking it, but I did not. Both were well dressed, well educated and polite. They talked of their mahogany works, of England, hunting, horses, ladies and wine; and before I had been an hour in Balize, I learned that the great work of practical amalgamation, the subject of so much angry controversy at home, had been going on quietly for generations; that color was considered a mere matter of taste; and that some of the most respectable inhabitants had black wives and mongrel children, whom they educated with as much care and made mony for with as much zeal, as if their skins were perfectly white.

I hardly knew whether to be shocked or amazed at such a state of society.

The place contains a population of six thousand; of which four thousaud are blacks, who are employed by the merchants in gangs as mahogany cutters. Their condition was always better than that of plantation slaves; even before the act for the general abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions, they were actually free; and on the 31st of August, 1839, a year before the time appointed by the act, by a general meeting and agreement of proprietors, even the nominal yoke of bondage was removed.

The event was celebrated, says the Honduras Almanac, by religious ceremonies, processions, bands of music, and banners with devices: 'The sons of Ham respect the memory of Wilberforce;' 'The Queen, God bless her;' 'M'Donald forever;' 'Civil and religious liberty all over the world.'—Nelson Schaw, 'a snowdrop of the first water,' continues the Almanack, 'advanced to his excellency, Colonel M'Donald, and spoke as follow: 'On the part of my emancipated brethren and sisters, I venture to approach your excellency, to entreat you to thank our most gracious Queen for all that she has done for us. We will pray for her; we will fight for her; and if necessary we will die for her. We thank your excellency for all you have done for us. God bless your excellency! God bless her excellency, Mrs. M'Donald, and all the Royal family. Come my countrymen, hurrah! Dance, ye black rascals; the flag of England flies over your heads, and every rustle of its folds knocks the fetter off the limbs of the poor slaves.—Hubbabboo Cochalorum Gee!"

The negro schools stand in the rear of the Government House, and the boys' department consisted of about two hundred, from three to fifteen years of age, and of every degree of tinge, from nearly white down to two little native Africans bearing on their cheeks the scars of cuts made by their parents at home. These last were taken from on board a slave ship, captured by an English cruiser, brought into Balize, and, as provided for by the laws, on a drawing by lot, fell to the share of a citizen, who entering into certain covenants for good treatment, is entitled to their services until they are twenty-one years old.

From the negro school we went to the Grand Court. It had been open about half an hour when I entered. On the back wall, in a massive mahogany tablet, were the arms of England; on a high platform beneath was a large circular table, around which were heavy mahogany chairs, with high backs and cushions. The court consisted of seven Judges, five of whom were in their places. One of them, Mr. Walker, invited me to one of the vacant seats. I objected, on the ground that my costume was not becoming so dignified a position; he insisted, and I took my seat in a roundabout jacket, in a chair exceedingly comfortable for the administration of justice.

As before remarked, five of the Judges were in their places; one of them was a mulatto. The Jurors were mulattoes; one of them, as the Judge who sat next me said, was a Sambo, or of the descending line, being the son of a mulatto woman and a black man. I was at a loss to determine the caste of a third, and enquired of the Judge, who answered that he was his, the Judge's brother, and that his mother was a mulatto woman. The Judge was aware of the feeling existing in the United States with regard to color, and said that in Balize there was in political life, no distinction whatever, except on the ground of qualification and character and hardly any in social life, even in contracting marriages.

The barracks are situated on the opposite side of a small bay. The soldiers are all blacks, and are part of an old Jamaica regiment, most of them having been enlisted at the English recruiting stations in Africa.—Tall and athletic, with red coats, and on a line, bristling with steel, their ebony faces give them a peculiarly warlike appearance. They carry themselves proudly, call themselves the 'Queen's gentlemen,' and look down with contempt upon the 'niggers.'

Physical Degeneracy.

In these days of improvement, nothing cries louder for reform than physical education. The evils arising from habits and fashions of community in respect to physical training, do indeed strike at the foundation of our moral and political institutions; they are fast making us an effeminate, luxurious and sickly people; and we can no more expect to find strong efficient minds, capable of contending successfully with ignorance and error, in effeminate and sickly bodies, than we can hope to see powerful athletic bodies, which are sustained by insufficient and innutritious food. History affords us numerous examples that the moral and intellectual powers of nations and individuals are strong in proportion to the soundness of their physical condition other things being the same. The ancients were aware of this and modelled their institutions with direct referance to the motto, "mens sana in corpore sana," a sound mind in a sound body.

But in these days of physical degeneracy it is truly appalling to look abroad on society and see the numerous engines of destruction, which under the influence of habit, fashion and indulgence, are operating to break down the bodily powers of men, and to destroy their constitutions; and it makes one sick at heart to notice the direful ravages of these practices upon the health of community. The lovely and beautiful are almost everywhere pointed out as the victims of disease. The youth fired by laudable ambition, after a series of preparations, just as he is about to enter the field of usefulness, where he would be the pride of his friends and an ornament to his country, is stricken down by some fatal malady. But it is not because "death loves a shining mark" that such fearful inroads are thus made upon nature's elite, but it is because, under the influence of our degenerating habits, powerful minds are not logded in bodies suitable to sustain their operations.

We, as a people are constantly violating the plain and obvious indications of nature, by using improper food improperly prepared, unsuitable clothing miserably adjusted and in a thousand other ways. But nature is not thus to be trifled with with impunity; she may be tardy to inflict penalties for her violated laws, but she is sure and inexorable.

Gardiner Me. Spectator.

Tobacco Inspiration.

O how often have I been provoked (to love and good works) when I have knelt upon the floor, to offer a supplication to the Most High that he would *cleanse* his people from their *filth* of their transgressions, and found my knees in a puddle of tobacco juice!

I have seen men and women make a chimney of their mouths for the passage of tobacco smoke. I have seen a minister take a cud to preach by, and, from between those lips which moved to warn men to leave off their *filthy habits* of sin, I have been sprinkled with showers of tobacco spittle. I once saw a worthy minister go to the school house on his Sabbath appointment. On entering the house he went to one of the brethren, borrowed a pipe, seated himself by the stove, filled his pipe and began to smoke. He then suddenly turned round and said "brethren, I think you had better sing something and commence praying." The singing commenced and continued till the Elder had finished smoking, put up the pipe, hauled out his iron cud case, filled his mouth with tobacco, and spit quite a puddle on the floor. Seeing no one ready to move forward in prayer, he hauled out his *sub-treasurer* again, opened it, put it up to his face, blowed his cud back into it again, *gingled* it back into his pocket with his other matallic substances, selected a dry spot on the floor, crawled down and began to pray.—*Morning Star.*

From the National A. S. Standard.

"They are a Stupid Race, made to be Slaves."

Two slaves in Louisiana were let out by their master, at a considerable distance from his own residence. They were skilful, intelligent mechanics, and of course he obtained high wages for their work. What time remained after their daily allotted task were finished, they were allowed to have for themselves; and these precious hours they employed most industriously with the view of purchasing their freedom. When they had accumulated, by patient toil, a sum which they deemed sufficient, they endeavored to negotiate with their master; but without success. Again they went to work and after two or three years, were enabled to offer a sum so large, that they felt almost certain it would tempt him to accede to their wishes. But he found them too profitable to be lightly parted with; moreover, whatever they had of property was in reality his. He might with perfect impunity, have taken all their hard-earned wages, and kept them in slavery still, as thousands of slaveholders had done before him. But whether he doubted their having so much money as they pretended, or whether he was too honorable to steal more than ninety-nine hundredths of their earnings, I know not; at all events he would not listen to their proposition on any terms.

Finding they could not purchase liberty they wisely resolved to take it. The enterprise was a perilous one; for through a long line of slave States, they must run the gauntlet of patrols, blood-hounds, lynchers, jail-keepers, and rifles—and if they reached the States called free, they must dodge constables and kidnappers, backed by the glorious Constitution.

They were sufficiently intelligent and well-informed to understand the dangers they would incur, and to devise a most cunning method of avoiding them.

They made themselves acquainted with a white beggar and made him offers large enough to secure his secresy. They dressed him in a handsome suit of clothes, and through his agency purchased a carriage and a fine span of horses. They brought the carriage to an appointed place, stood hat in hand while he entered, and then mounted outside, as footman and groom. Of course no patrol thought of challenging such an equipage; and a white gentleman travelling through the country, attended by his servants, was welcome at all the inns. The obsequiousness of their manners was an admonition to their brethren in bonds. "Yes massa," and "Certainly, massa," were accompanied with the most profound bows and spoken in the humblest tones.

The trio arrived in Buffalo unmolested; there the carriage and horses were sold; and the white beggar paid handsomely for consenting to play the gentleman.

The slaves passed over to Victoria's dominions, whence they wrote a very friendly letter to their whilom master, begging that he would feel no uneasiness on their account, as they were most comfortably situated.

"Our Slaves are our Best Friends."—Some years since, in Beaufort District, South Carolina, the planters were thrown into terrible consternation. The alarm spread far and wide. Patrols were multiplied; a vigorous watch was set over the negroes. Men talked in whispers, and slept upon their arms. Every preparation was made to crush the insurrection in the bud. Time passed—no explosion came—the negroes continued peaceful—men began to be ashamed of their fears, and look into the origin of this fearful rumor. And what was the origin? *A fragment of a northern newspaper, in the cupboard of an old negro, who had brought home some groceries from the store, wrapped up in it!*

A few years ago, there was a tremendous excitement in Charleston about some English mustard, which happened to be imported wrapped up in fragments of old newspapers, containing Debates in the British Parliament, concerning emancipation in their West Indies. They thought they had verily traced out "foreign incendiaries" that time! particularly as some little penny handkerchiefs for children, bearing dangerous lines from Cowper, came packed with English goods nearly at the same time. What an easy, comfortable thing it must be, to be beloved, as they are by their slaves!